

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING CO., PUBLISHERS.

210 WEST COLFAX AV.

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily and Sunday in advance, in city, per year \$3.00
Daily and Sunday in advance, by mail, per year \$3.50
If your name appears in the telephone directory you can telephone your want "ad" to The News-Times office and a bill will be mailed after its insertion. Home phone 1151; Bell phone 2100

CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN
Foreign Advertising Representatives
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, MARCH 30, 1915.

RAILWAY MAIL PAY.

Postmaster General Burleson does not propose to let the railway lobby have the last word in this little controversy over railway mail pay rates. The railroad lobby has been doing a lively business in circulating printed and typewritten statements to the press and for a long time Mr. Burleson kept still. Now he has set up a little print factory of his own and every time Mr. Ralph Peters, president of the Long Island railroad, and chairman of the so-called "committee on railway mail pay," gets out a brochure, Mr. Burleson steps to bat and sends one out into left field and ties the score. Reputations for veracity are shattered regularly twice a week.

The latest base knock from Mr. Burleson's ready letter writer makes the plain charge that Mr. Peters is guilty of "two flagrant misrepresentations which can be intended for no other purpose than to mislead the public regarding the conduct of the postoffice department." Referring to the statement in Peters's last broadcast that "the joint committee of congress accused the officers of the department of ignorance of their duties and greed for arbitrary power," Mr. Burleson says this statement "is false." He says "the report of the joint committee was written by ex-Sen. Bourne, who for his own reasons criticized the officers of the department, but every other active member of the joint committee repudiated these criticisms in statements over their own names printed in the same report, and Rep. James T. Lloyd, a house member of the committee, repudiated them in a speech on the floor of the house."

"The second misrepresentation," continued the postmaster general, "is that the postmaster general is permitting the government of the United States to rob the railroads of at least half of what is due them for carrying parcel post. The truth is that up to the end of the fiscal year the railroads will have received nearly four and a half million dollars for this service in addition to their regular pay, and I have recommended to congress legislation which when passed will allow them nearly one million dollars more for this special service. These allowances upon the whole have been adequate and are based in more than half the country upon the actual weight of the mails carried."

But the main point, according to Mr. Burleson, is whether the railroads can block legislation and defeat the efforts of the department to place the mail pay question on a rational basis. Mr. Burleson says that "the railroads are actually carrying for the express companies parcel matter which subsequently is deposited in the mail at rates about one-half of what the postoffice department is paying the railroads for transporting just such matter over the same routes." As the cost of transportation enters largely into the rates the postoffice department must give the public for parcel post mail, the above figures conclusively demonstrate the vital importance to the department and the public of obtaining an equitable solution of the mail pay question, though, of course, the government should take care not to do anything that would avert its being continuously robbed.

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER BREAD.

The high cost of flour and advance in price of bread in many places has started some discussion in the women's clubs and the homes as to whether women should make their own bread or not. To many of the older housewives, buying it from the baker or the grocer seems rather shiftless. In her industrious creed and practice the bread board and the kneading trough lay at the foundation of good housekeeping. A bride who could not manipulate the rolling pin should never have been married.

Many of the domestic economists of the present day believe that home bread making is fast going the way of the home curing of meats or grinding meal, which scarcely exist today. As they look at it, the food manufacturer saves enough by buying materials in large quantities to make up for the cost of the labor, so that the housewife gets little or perhaps nothing whatever for her laborious hours in the pantry.

The old style baker often thought first of the number of loaves he could produce out of a barrel of flour. The baker's bread one used to see thus often had a certain spongy and elastic quality. It seemed as if the material had been expanded in some way, to make it seem light, and giving an erroneous impression of the extent of its food value.

Good home made bread never conveyed this impression, and has a certain firmness that gives a pleasant feeling of substantial quality. The greatly increased sale of bread prepared outside of the home must have been due to a realization by food producers, that they must please the public by a good eating quality. The old time home made bread, with good butter, was very appetizing. A hungry boy would eat it ravenously, asking no sauces to make it more toothsome. During recent years bakers have

been learning from the arts of the old time housewife, and perhaps bettering her. A good business is the result. If the producer makes it clear that his methods are strictly correct, he will find all the trade he wants.

PUT THE HEEL ON IT!

From many sources a wall of protest is arising against what is termed the inhuman suddenness of the Harrison anti-narcotic act.

Traced back to its place of origin, in ninety per cent of the cases the howl is from the drug user himself, or the fiend that thrives through the sale of the "dope," or the pettifogging criminal lawyer whose clientele consists of the unfortunate beings driven to petty crime by drug diseased minds. Occasionally a super-sensitive man or woman with a mistaken idea of what constitutes real charity to the drug victims, lends a little dignity to the protest, but they are few and far between.

The drug-users are a deadly menace to the community. They are mostly criminals because they are not able to distinguish between right and wrong, and at best are public nuisances. They should be treated just as other undesirable elements of society: not punished, of course, but restrained. States institutions should certainly be provided for those who have trodden the downward path so far that they must be helped to retrace their footsteps.

But as far as a gradual application of the law, there is no such thing possible. A law that compromises with the evil it seeks to remedy is worse than none at all.

Physicians generally agree that there is no gradual breaking off of the drug habit. The supply must be abruptly stopped and the patient permitted to regain his physical and mental poise before he is cured. Unquestionably this course is fraught with agony, but, except in the case of laudanum users, it is rarely fatal. Even if death should come, it is a question if it is not better for the unhappy wretch.

The growth of the drug habit in America is appalling. To merely scotch the great white serpent would only aggravate the condition. It must be strangled to a swift and certain death.

THE STAND-PATTERS CHANCE.

Pres't Wilson's determination to abandon his presidential primary project will not affect his chance of nomination. As things are now shaping themselves, he will be the nominee of the democratic party and will have an even chance of election against a divided opposition. The absence of the presidential primary will leave the road clear for William Barnes and his associates in their plan to put over a reactionary candidate of the Myron T. Herrick or Boies Penrose type.

This, of course, shuts the door to any suggestion of compromise or of amalgamation with the progressives and will in all probability result in the nomination of a progressive party candidate, and the division of the progressive and reactionary votes about as they divided during the campaign last November.

As Pres't Wilson well said in his speech at Indianapolis, the independent voters of the country have say in deciding between the two old parties, and in this case the progressive holds the balance of power and may elect Wilson by defeating the opposition or by voting directly for Wilson. He will not, of course, vote for a big-business candidate.

BUT WE SHOULD HOPE FOR IT.

Speaking of the likelihood of disarmament, after the war, London Economist says that "those who know the forces which really control the diplomacy of Europe can see no Utopia." The Economist is very close to the money forces of Europe and ought to be unusually well posted.

Hoping for disarmament as a result of the war, insofar as navies are concerned, is a good deal like the praying for peace, a blessed mental exercise, and not visibly effective.

After nearly eight months of war, all the navies are practically greater than they were eight months ago. The lead for naval disarmament must be taken by Great Britain. Putting out of consideration the condition of all other navies when peace dawns, will Great Britain give up domination of the seas, with Russia in possession of the Dardanelles? It is a good guess that she will not. There is the war trade to come after this war. There's no telling what mighty Russia will do when she gets into full swing as a competitor for trade.

MAY HE GO ON FOREVER.

When the exigencies of circumstances demand that something be invented, Uncle Sam just turns to Thomas A. Edison, and says:

"Go to it, Tommy! We are running shy."

This time the shortage in raw materials for dye-stuffs, caused by the war, was getting alarming so Tommy takes a day off from his regular work and turns out a successful method of

manufacturing benzol from coal gas, in quantities sufficient to supply all possible home demands.

There's going to be a vacuum awful hard to fill when Thomas A. Edison stops.

Oscar Cain, a ranchman of Texas, mixed a mash for his hogs in a barrel that had two gallons of whiskey in the bottom which Cain thought was rain water. The hogs tangoed, stood on their heads and tried to sing, says Cain. In other words, they raised Cain.

A rise in the stock market, by which the professional speculator gets his profit, is always the signal for the outside public to buy securities, on which the professional makes another profit by forcing them down.

It is frequently the case that the man who discourses with such eloquence on the pleasures and benefits of walking has just decided after careful computation that he can't afford an automobile.

One of the popular ways of reducing the cost of living is to start a garden and pay out \$18.74 more for seed, labor, fertilizer, etc., than the vegetables for the table would cost at the grocery store.

Our exchanges keep saying mean things about the spring poet, but this newspaper hereby renews its generous annual offer to print their poems in full at our regular rates per line.

The fact that a man walks into a garage and asks the prices of costly machines does not necessarily prove that the grocer can collect a bill of \$12.98 from him for supplies.

The record of the 63d congress will not be completely written and balanced until the results of the spring planting determine how well it has withstood the seed test.

Some of the occupants of the ten story metropolitan apartment houses are angry at their congressmen for not sending them their garden seeds more promptly.

Why is it that when a building gets a fire and a family is involved in bitter trouble, the whole town gathers and seems to enjoy it as a social occasion.

The name of the new comet—Nellish—ought to roll glibly off the tongue of the convivial person offering an excuse for staying up late.

Who says gasoline isn't one of the necessities of life on these fine spring days with your best girl looking longingly out of the window.

From the slow progress of the campaign in the east, it is probably some time before the name of Berlin will be changed to Berlingrad.

Seeing America First

By Fred Kelly.

Still more things out of my diary. The railroad publicity men have been putting out so many descriptive folders this spring about the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in Arizona, that I would not attempt to describe it even were the thing were possible. But I shall do what Theodore Roosevelt and a number of other persons have done, according to two pages of testimonials in a folder I have before me. I shall endorse it. The Grand Canyon has my entire approval. I am free to say that I regard it as one of the best chasms we have. Any one who goes for a grand chasm cannot do better than stick to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The thing is, as the railroad folders have frequently stated here of late, 13 miles across, a mile deep, and a couple of hundred miles long. Any hole in the earth that big, filled with vast castles and cathedrals, and its insides painted up with every color on the color-cards, cannot be regarded as a masterpiece of a success. The Grand Canyon is all right.

I heard a remark that about sums up its stupendousness.

"Um," grunted an awe-struck visitor, "I would hate to live with that thing regularly."

That is the way it must strike a great many people. It is too big, too fearful, too far beyond human grasp, to be companionable. In its sublimity it is awful.

I overheard a young girl say: "It is terribly fascinating."

What she meant is that it is fascinatingly terrible!

Numerous Indian bazzars and white people's bazzars are to be found near the leading hotel at the canyon. None of these is any trouble to show. There is there any urging to buy. Every one is just as pleasant and happy, apparently, whether a shopper buys or not. It is as if the shops are here as a form of hospitality rather than for commercial purposes.

I spoke of this to a man who has been living near the canyon for a great many years.

"Yes," he observed, with an understanding nod, "people are not usually petty out here. It's not easy for a fellow to be small and live alongside of that big thing yonder."

And he pointed with his thumb at the Grand Canyon.

A visitor at the canyon is supposed to hire a guide and a sad-eyed burro, and make a trip down a precipitous trail to the edge of the Colorado river, a distance of seven miles, partly along a passage that looks over sheer drops into space of a few thousand feet.

I frankly did not make this journey for a number of reasons. One was that Bill Kettner, congressman from San Diego, Calif., with whom I am travelling, agreed to go down in person as my proxy, and let me know exactly how everything looked. Bill has good powers of description and narration, and I saw no reason for tiring out an extra mule to carry me down along those precipices when I could get the facts all from Bill.

Besides, I walked over and had a good heart-to-heart look at the burros from which I would have to make a section if I went inasmuch as the exigencies of the jaunt require one to place more confidence in one of these mules than one is ordinarily ex-

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

It may be true that there never was a time when there was so much money in the country. We hope it is.

DOWN ALONG THE BRANDYWINE. When it's early in the spring-time, And a frost abounds at morn, And the robin starts at sing-time, And the fields are yet unborn, There is joy for me at wishing That again I was but nine, For it calls back days of fishing, Down along the Brandywine.

When the dew is all a creeping, Sort of frightened by the sun, Which has just awoke from sleeping, For another day's begun, Why my heart is full of madness, Mad for days that once were mine; Oh! the memory spells such gladness, Down along the Brandywine.

Empty fields awaiting clover, Bob Whites in the same old camp, With their greetings for a rover, In the springtime cool and damp, Bless the memory how I dream; Makes me long so, makes me pine, For the all enrapturing stream, Down along the Brandywine.

WE are appraised by a correspondent that his enjoyment of the movies is seriously impaired by the more moving spectacle of young couples and couples of various ages spooning in the semi-darkness of the theater, though he is of the opinion that the semi-darkness is merely an incident.

SPOONING at the movies is unquestionably a violation of the ethics of the sex relation. Good taste dictates that it be done in privacy beside a camp stove, and a due regard for a wasteful expenditure of light.

The Four Seasons of Foolishness.

I. Maud Muller on a wintry day
Braves the storm decollete.

II. Maud Muller on a sweet spring day,
Pneumonia ebbs her life away.

III. Maud Muller on a summer's day
At her home in state does lay.

IV. Maud Muller on an autumn day
Beneath the sod starts to decay.

P. J. M.

THE farcical termination of the Tanzer breach of promise case illustrates the futility of attempting to hang a damage suit on a name. Susannah Tanzer should become more familiar with the features of those they hope to marry.

THUS far we have received no answer to the question, what is the most useful bird alive? It seems that everybody should have an opinion on so simple a question as that, but it appears not. Do you all give it up? We feared so. Well, then, the most useful bird alive—it seems almost too silly to answer—so obvious, you know—is the chicken. You can eat it before it is born and after it is dead.

IT may be late to suggest it, but why not start a tax saving fund.

C. N. F.

pected to have in his parents, his church, the constitution of the United States, and the future of the republican and democratic parties, I thought it only fair that I should become acquainted with my mule in advance. Now, I made this inspection with an open mind and without prejudice, but in the face of each mule there was a look that I did not altogether like. There was a certain quiet, half-hidden jauntiness of expression that did not seem to me to bode any good. Not one of the mules' heads had that development about the hump of caution which I demand in an animal that I am going to ride along the edge of a precipice. In some of the mules I could detect a spirit that was almost sneaky. I am sure these mules would have walked invariably along the outside edge of the trail and thought it was rare good fun.

So I appointed Bill Kettner as my official representative. He returned tired and rather free from his usual bubbling good humor.

"Now, Bill," I said, "tell me in detail all about it, so that I can go home and hear about the trip and have all the local color."

"'Twas a hulluva ride," he remarked with a yawn.

And that was practically all I was able to learn from him.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Reminders From the Columns of The Daily Times.

The Gilliland Telephone company was granted a franchise.

Henry Herring died, aged 51.

H. Gail Davis is home from Dallas, Texas.

For the month of March H. H. Swain reported the mean temperature 33.9; maximum 79 on March 29; minimum 6 on March 4; precipitation three-fourths of an inch; total snowfall 33 inches; 13 days clear, nine partly cloudy; seven rainy; thunder on the 23rd; gales on the 9th, 23d and 24th. Much high wind throughout the month.

Real estate for the month, \$290,156.45.

P. C. Raff became superintendent of the Three I.

THE DIFFERENCE. "In many ways," observed Mrs. Citylight, "I find that a horse is much like a man."

"Wait I dunno," answered Farmer Squash, as he applied a match to his corn-cob pipe. "I have found them quite different in some respects. For instance, a horse is worth more after he's broke."

FORCE OF HABIT. We gazed pityingly on the listless drug-store clerk, leaning against the soda counter.

"Hav'n't you any ambition?" we queried.

"No," he replied, with brightening intelligence, "but I have something just as good."

THE DIFFICULTY. "Do you sleep like a baby?" asked the doctor.

"No," replied the patient. "One night when I was all it up I tried it, and the perambulator was too short for me."

Judge.

SAFETY COUPON CLUB.—Adv.

Try NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS

What Will You Have?

(Colmy, Kan., Free Press.)

J. C. Putnam, merchant, jeweler, painter, paper hanger, butcher, traveling salesman, hotel man, carpenter, bass soloist, tenor soloist, choir leader, cornetist, farmer, etc., has purchased the William Varner barber shop and is now in charge at the chair with a razor in one hand and "I-won't-hurt-you" smile on his face to reassure the victim, as is the habit of dentists. He is skilled in the use of tonsorial tools and will no doubt enjoy fine business.

THIS is a good place to remark before we forget it—if we could forget it—that March is true to her traditions.

BUT, of course, there are some very nice people in Terry Hut.

SCANNING a dispatch from Dayton, O., we observe that Orville Wright has devised a stabilizer which will make aviation as safe as riding in a street car. Now, if we can ascertain how safe it is to ride in a street car we can calculate pretty closely the percentage of safety in an aeroplane.

WAR NEWS.

(The Cornell Widow.)

Ackie's asking alms for the artillery. Belinda's binding belly-bands for Belgians.

Clara's counting coughdrops for Cosacks.

Diana's denting dum dums for Dragoons.

Effie's etching emblems for the English.

Fannie's fetching fishballs for the Frenchies.

Gaby's gargling goldfish for the Germans.

Hattie's hitching 'orses for the Hinglish.

Ion's ironing ironbags for the Irish.

Jennie's joining jewsharps for the Japs.

Katy's killing Kitcheners for the Kaiser.

Lizzie's lifting lingerie for the Lancers.

Mary's making moonshine for the Monks.

Nellie's nitting nothing for the Nuns.

Olivia's opening oysters for the Old Guard.

Prunella's painting pretzels in Przemysl.

Quola's quelling quinzies in the Queen's Own.

Rachel's rolling Ramezes for Russians.

SISTER SUSIE'S SEWING SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS.

Tillie's toughening trips for two tight Teutons.

Ulm's unwrapping unionsuits for the Uhlans.

Viola's vaporizing Vodka in the Vosges.

Wilhelmina's wishing warts on Wilhelm.

Xanthippe's xhaling xylophones for the Xmas.

Yenny's yielding yeasteaks for the Yiddish.

Zuzie zaid zent zome zoap for ze Zuaves.

THERE are so many kinds of men with the same kind of a name.

C. N. F.

Everybody knows what a little thing an inch is. Few realize what a big thing it is. Few stop to contemplate what the difference in an inch really means. A tailor knows when an inch too much or too little has cost him anywhere from \$18 to \$80. A dressmaker knows when an inch too little of the goods on hand may cause her, after an arduous day of planning, to abandon a chosen pattern for another. An engineer knows when his train, with its carload of human freight, has gone one inch off the track over a precipice.

Some men have minds one inch off the judgment track, and that causes all their schemes, gigantic and brilliant as they may be, to run amuck. Every calamity and every success in life is controlled by inches.

Men rarely go to their doom in an hour. It is inch by inch.

All successes are won inch by inch. As inch by inch the waters of life creep in to engulf us, so inch by inch the obstacles that impede our progress move aside.

The man who attempts to leap over the inches to reach his goal, gets there with a broken leg.

The word inch has a forbidding sound. It is because it holds us in its clutches. We cannot ignore an inch, or it immediately thwarts our intentions. Every simple thing is performed by man, as the saying goes, "within an inch of his life."

All diseases arise, inch by inch. Before the scarlet fever breaks out in a child, it has been developing inch by inch for nine days.

A man built a magnificent structure the other day at an enormous expense, and when it was proven that he had encroached a few inches on the land of another man the law accorded the other man the right to pull it down.

The overstepping of an inch in the properties of life brands us. If a girl in a theater laughs an inch too loud, the audience looks around and puts upon her the stamp of "not a lady." Art is controlled by inches. A picture an inch too high or too low, and the entire artistic effect of the wall upon which it hangs is lost.

Depotment is measured by inches, and woe unto the man who fails to observe its dictates. Even in the deepest grief, if one goes too far in his wallings, the grief is questioned, if not ridiculed, and sympathy turned aside. An inch too far in the poet's flight to imagination's realms and the world laughs at his best efforts.

A single inch in any direction may throw away a man's chances for the world's approval, and yet some men do not even consider the yards.

It is the man who considers life within an inch of every detail presented who succeeds.

CHOPPING HIM OFF. "Hello, Grimshaw! Don't you remember your old sidekick, Smart-elick?"

"Your manner is familiar," replied Grimshaw coldly, "but I am glad to say that I have forgotten both your face and name."

Judge.

THINK

HOW SHORT THE TIME IS, WHEN YOU WILL BE WANTING THE MANY CONVENIENCES—LABOR SAVING AND COOL—POSSIBLE WITH ELECTRIC SERVICE IN YOUR HOME.

INVESTIGATE OUR WIRING OFFER
CALL NEW BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Indiana & Michigan Electric Co.

220-222 WEST COLFAX AVE.

BELL 462—

—HOME 5462

Brandon-Durrell Co.

CORNER MICHIGAN ST. AND JEFFERSON BLVD.

They are still talking about the—

\$30, \$35 & \$40 Suits

We Are Selling For \$25

Because the Values Are Real Not Imagined

DOZENS of women effected some very remarkable savings on these opportune special values and you won't wonder at it when you see them.

The models are correct, new and very fashionably styled from handsome French serges, beautiful gabardines and coverts, and lively checks. Some of the coats are belted in back, others all around; skirts have full sweeping bottoms.

—Other Special Values at \$15 and \$19.75

YOU PAY LESS FOR IT AT